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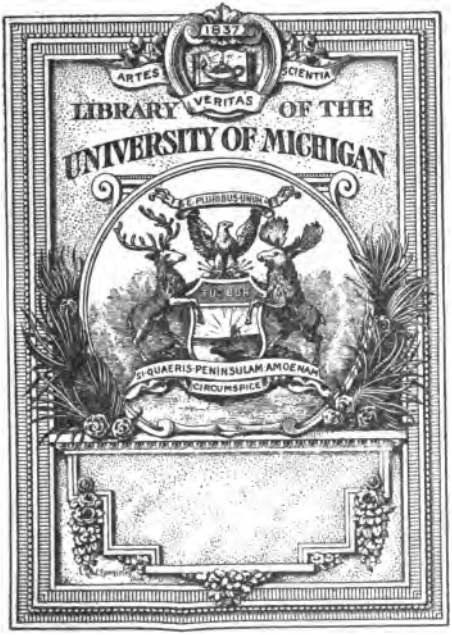
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# The House of the Heart

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by

Irving Browne

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This page presents a dreary blank;
If happiness is brief
And Life's book seems mysterious, thank
The Lord — and turn the leaf.

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# The Window Looking Over Sea

## The Voice of the Shell.

A CARELESS wanderer on the beach,
When the early sky is clear —
What is the pink shell's murmuring speech
To his inquiring ear?
Its voice is only Love,
Its murmur is only Love;
No cloud in the sky, and the wind is sweet,
And with joy and hope his pulses beat;—
Its murmur is only Love,
Its voice sings only Love.

At noon, when the sea is high,
And the sun is fierce and hot,
And the vision of morn has gone by,
And the clasp of Love holds not;
The shell speaks only Fame,
It murmurs only Fame;
The sky is fierce with a desert blast,
And the promise of morn on the wind has passed;—
The shell chants only Fame,
Its burden is only Fame.

## Over Sea

At night, when the tide is low,
And the heavens are overcast,
And the pulses of life beat slow,
What is the message at last?
It whispers only Rest,
It has no word but Rest.
A star shines over a distant hill,
A single star, and the wind is chill;—
The shell whispers only Rest,
Its constant hymn is Rest.

Oh, Love of the morning, so dim!
Oh, elusive Fame of the noon!
Oh, prophecy of the evening hymn!
Will my Love come back to me soon?
But the shell says only Rest,
Its single whisper is Rest!
Can I gain my Love once more?
My love and my faith restore!—
But the shell still whispers, Rest!
Its final murmur is Rest!

## The Bubbles of Life.

A BOY and girl upon the yellow beach
Blew shining bubbles in the summer air;
And as they floated off they named them, each
Choosing what seemed to him or her most fair.

"I name mine Wealth," exclaimed the careless boy;
"So may I never have to count the cost,
But ships and houses own, as now a toy;"—
But Wealth was driven far out to sea and lost.

"I name mine Beauty," said the pretty girl;
"So women all shall envy my fair face,
And men shall kneel and beg me for a curl;"—
But Beauty vanished quickly into space.

"I name this Fame," essayed the boy again;
"So may I hear my praises every hour,
As orator or soldier, sung by men;"—
But Fame was wrecked against the beacon tower.

"This is Long Life," returned the little maid;
"So may I happy be for many a year,
Nor be till late of ugly death afraid;"—
But Long Life broke within a graveyard near.

At last twin globules they together blew,
And named them Love, as slow they rose on high;
The sun shone through them with prismatic hue,
Till Love was lost within the glowing sky.



## The Companion-Way.

I FIRST saw Betty on a ship,
A-sailing to the south;
A merry smile was on her lip,
And from her rosy mouth
There issued bantering words one day,
On meeting in the companion-way.

We paced the deck for many a mile,
We counted distant sails,
And did the tedious hours beguile
With flying-fish and whales;
But best we liked soft words to say
Within the close companion-way.

That way was wide enough for one,
But rather snug for two,
And though not meant to sit upon,
We made not much ado
To sit in conversation gay
Within that close companion-way.

As Betty once sat on the stair,
The vessel gave a lurch,

And as to prosper my affair,
  Threw Betty from her perch;
Within my arms she fell and lay,
At foot of the companion-way.

She looked quite faint: I kissed her close,
  It didn't bring her to;
A repetition of the dose
  Imparted strength anew;
A new-born hope gave out a ray
Within that dark companion-way.

Said I, "Sweet Betty, be my mate."
  Quoth Betty, "Well, why not?"
And on that ladder of our fate
  We fixed our earthly lot;
And though we both grow old and gray,
We'll stick to this companion-way.

## The Wind.

THE wind blows over the sea,
  Blowing homeward the bulky ships;
The land looms under the sailor's lee,
  And he dreams of his sweetheart's lips.
The wind creeps over the wave,
  It stirs the pines by the deeps,
It sweeps the grass on the quiet grave
  Where the sailor's sweetheart sleeps.

The wind sweeps over the sand
  Of the desert so hot and bright;
It heaps the grave of the Arab band;
  It covers the sphinx from sight.
The wind breathes laden with balm,
  It wrinkles the face of the pool,
It lifts the leaves of the lazy palm,
  In the night descending cool.

The wind wails over the snow
  And ice of the virgin zone,
Where half the year the great stars glow,
  And the white bear sits alone.

## Over Sea

The wind circles over the town;
It swoops on the houses for prey,
It lifts them aloft and hurls them down,
As eagles snatch lambs away.

The wind rustles over the plain
Of the emigrant's boundless home,
It heaves the waves of the wheaten main
And the grass where the buffaloes roam.
The wind sweeps the ruinous waste,
Where wanders the big-horned ox
And pilgrims to Peter's great dome haste,
And shepherds pipe to their flocks.

Oh! thou untamable wind!
Though mortals may quench the fire
And the water's violence bind,
They cannot escape thine ire.
Oh! thou beneficent wind!
As Adam first blessed thy breath,
The last man shall confess thee kind,
As he lies awaiting death.

## A Vision of Ships.

I LOVE to haunt the oozy slips
And watch the weary beaten ships
Drift in from distant lands,
And hear the sailors' various speech
When the big black hulks their mooring reach,
And the anchor bites the sand.

I stand and dream upon the shore
Of all the famous ships of yore —
They sail before my sight —
And heroes, saints, and sages pass
Like visions, in a magic glass,
Of mystery and might.

Once more a world with Noah swims
Above the drowning world, while hymns
Upon the tempest float;
Once more the Israelite lawgiver
Drifts helpless down the Egyptian river,
Safe in his bulrush boat.

I seem the sacred Christ to see
Upon the ship on Galilee,
Commanding, "Peace, be still!"

## Over Sea

Upon his pulpit-ship he stands
And stretches forth his blessed hands
  To the people on the hill;

Audacious Jason in the Argo
Returning with his precious cargo
  Of magic golden fleece;
And Ithacus, tied to the mast
Until the Sirens' song was past
  And close the shores of Greece;

The rugged Norseman's beak of brass;
And Cleopatra's barge doth pass
  With music and perfume;
The ship on which the Triumvir fled
From Actium's sky and water red,
  At night with brow of gloom.

I see the Venetian ship of state,
The white maids on her deck who wait,
  The Doge in pride ecstatic —
To make the sea his city's bride
He throws his ring into the tide
  And weds the Adriatic.

Again the stout crusaders sail,
And clad in coats of gleaming mail
  They kneel on the holy strand;
Once more the enduring Genoese
Goes voyaging over untried seas
  And scents the new-found land.

## Over Sea

Once more the Puritan Mayflower
Is flying from the Stuart's power,
  And bears a precious treasure
Of men who will not bow the knee,
And the Indian lurks behind the tree
  And sin in every pleasure.

I hear the crash on the Victory's deck,
And dying in the smoke and wreck
  The Admiral's task is done;
I see the vanquished Temeraire,
Painted in Turner's picture fair,
  Drawn past at set of sun.

I fain would stand a summer day
And gaze out on the breezy bay
  And watch the tossing ships,
Until the summer day is done,
And the moon starts up while the great red sun
  Below the horizon dips.

Then I may see the vessel haunted
By ghostly shapes, the bird enchanted
  Hung on the mariner's neck,
And the Flying Dutchman driven past,
Wringing his hands in the lurid blast,
  Quick dwindles to a speck.

## The Land of Verdure.

THE ivy creeps on the tower wall,
The grass softly cushions the plain,
The wavering, welcoming shadows fall
On turf 'twixt the sun and the rain;
The weeds grow rank in the castle moat,
The woodbine encircles the tree,
The branches droop o'er the vagrant boat
And drip on my boatmaid and me;
The blades shoot sparsely between the stones,
The leaves flicker high on their perch,
There's moss on covert of moldering bones,
There's a verger in every church!

## The Lions.

THE drowsy lions of Trafalgar lie,
With pride and conquest sated, round about
The hero's column; travelers pass by,
With careless glance, or oftener without
A thought of all the glory storied there,
That makes the Lion-Island's fame so fair.

Thou solitary lion of Lucerne,
Defeated, gasping, on a foreign shield —
To thee the stranger's steps with fondness turn,
Thou dying majesty! to thee we yield
The tribute due to loyalty and love
Unshaken as the solid cliff above.

## The Smoke-Traveler.

WHEN I puff my cigarette,
Straight I see a Spanish girl,
Mantilla, fan, coquettish curl,
Languid airs and dimpled face,
Calculating fatal grace;
Hear a twittering serenade
Under lofty balcony played;
Queen at bullfight, naught she cares
What her agile lover dares;
She can love and quick forget.

Let me but my meerschaum light,
I behold a bearded man,
Built upon capacious plan,
Saber-slashed in war or duel,
Gruff of aspect but not cruel,
Metaphysically muddled,
With strong beer a little fuddled,
Slow in love and deep in books,
More sentimental than he looks,
Swears new friendships every night.

## Over Sea

Let me my chibouk enkindle,—
In a tent I'm quick set down
With a Bedouin lean and brown,
Plotting gain of merchandise,
Or perchance of robber prize;
Clumsy camel load upheaving,
Woman deftly carpet weaving;
Meal of dates and bread and salt,
While in azure heavenly vault
Throbbing stars begin to dwindle.

Glowing coal in clay dudeen
Carries me to sweet Killarney,
Full of hypocritic blarney;
Huts with babies, pigs, and hens
Mixed together; bogs and fens;
Shillalahs, praties, usquebaugh,
Tenants defying hated law,
Fair blue eyes with lashes black,
Eyes black and blue from cudgel-thwack,—
So fair, so foul, is Erin green.

My nargileh once inflamed,
Quick appears a Turk with turban,
Girt with guards in palace urban,
Or in house by summer sea
Slave-girls dancing languidly;
Bowstring, sack, and bastinado,
Black boats darting in the shadow;

## Over Sea

Let things happen as they please,
Whether well or ill at ease,
Fate alone is blessed or blamed.

With my ancient calumet
I can raise a wigwam's smoke,
And the copper tribe invoke,—
Scalps and wampum, bows and knives,
Slender maidens, greasy wives,
Papoose hanging on a tree,
Chieftains squatting silently,
Feathers, beads, and hideous paint,
Medicine-man and wooden saint,—
Forest-framed the vision set.

My cigar breeds many forms —
Planter of the rich Havana,
Mopping brow with sheer bandana;
Russian prince in fur arrayed;
Paris fop on dress parade;
London swell just after dinner;
Wall street broker — gambling sinner;
Delver in Nevada mine;
Scotch laird bawling "Auld Lang Syne;"
Thus Raleigh's weed my fancy warms.

Life's review in smoke goes past —
Fickle fortune, stubborn fate,
Right discovered all too late,

## Over Sea

Beings loved and gone before,
Beings loved but friends no more,
Self-reproach and futile sighs,
Vanity in birth that dies,
Longing, heartbreak, adoration,—
Nothing sure in expectation
Save ash-receiver at the last.



## Parsifal — At Baireuth.

OH solemn harmonies that sound
When worldly light and pleasure fail,
And magic radiance all around
Glows through the Holy Grail!

Come, lover of a vanished friend!
Uplifted on these strains divine,
Feel love and mercy without end
In pitying Christ that shine!

Oh Man of Sorrows! cure his grief,
And let the world's repining small
Within thy bosom find relief,
Thou Sorrower for all!

Forgetful of the world's unrest,
Each troubled heart in reverence bends,
And for one fleeting moment blest
The Holy Dove descends.

## The Windmill.

THE windmill stands on a breezy hill
Overlooking the tossing sea,
Or a sluggish river flowing still,
While the ships pass merrily.

The water mills mourn with silent wheels,
When summer scorches the stream,
But the windmill always the breezes feels,
And its wings in the bright air gleam.

Four generations of dusty men
Have mopped their glistening polls,
And watched the grain in their creaking pen,
And counted their golden tolls.

The crazed knight tilted in vain but well
At the mill on the Spanish plain,
But this one bears scars of shot and shell
From warfare on land and main.

It waves its wings to the ships that bound,
With them it is longing to sail,
But doomed to a weary treadmill round
It beats the air with its flail.

## [illegible]

[illegible]



## Venice.

OUT of the land and in the sea,
Venice is all the world to me.

All is quaint and queer and quiet,
Naught of trade's annoying riot;
Neigh of nag and noise of car
From this region banished are;
Only horses of Saint Mark,
Motionless in metal dark;
Harmless necessary cat
Dodges not the fell brickbat;
Here no curs disturb our ease
Nor communicate their fleas;
Nought is heard but roar of tongue
Gay and careless crowds among,
And the clang of bells at night,
Ringing till the east is bright,
And the tinkle of guitar
To the sound of voices far,
In the amorous serenade
Under latticed window played.

Crooked, stony, filthy alleys,
Black and graceful darting galleys,

## Over Sea

Boatmen chaffing, swearing, steering
With a skill no danger fearing;
Every color under heaven,
Rivaling the rainbow seven,
On the stone or stuccoed walls
When the slanting sunshine falls;
Or forbidding shadows lurk
In the alleys, somber, murk,
Or the bashful, crescent moon,
Ripening into roundness soon,
Lights the water's gentle ripple
Which the evening breezes stipple.

Pavements laid in rare mosaic,
Trod by priest in gown, or laic;
Domes with painted figures quaint
Of apostle or of saint;
Nobles on their marrowbones
Kneeling on the precious stones,
Which like waves of Adriatic
Heave in manner most emphatic;
They don't mind their neighbors' fleas
Skipping on their ragged knees.

Windows showing shell and coral,
Prints of ballet girls immoral,
Antique paintings made to order,
Cotton scarfs with gorgeous border,

Silver filigree and paste,
Fans for every age and taste,
Ivories in rare devices
Which they sell for twenty prices,
Glass of every form and hue
Which the ancient workmen blew.

If a letter one should ask, it
Mounts by means of cord and basket,
Saving postman flights of stairs
While he minds his own affairs.

Water-babies here abound,
In canals retired found;
To a floating board they cling
Tethered by the mother's string.
Beggar, dirty, picturesque, so
Lazy slumbering *al fresco;*
Though his last of coin is spent, he
Feels the *dolce far niente,*
Dreading water without doubt,
Administered inside or out;
He, as *cicerone,* tells
Horrors of the dungeon cells
Underneath the Bridge of Sighs,
Opening the tourists' eyes;
Warbling as he points the scene
Of the deadly guillotine,

Or the hole where Byron slept,
And where better men have wept;

Sings he not the *Non scordar*,
But a merrier song by far
Sung in prison dark and dank
Fetches him an extra franc.

Then the women, fair, patrician,
As on canvases of Titian,
In their gondolas take air,
Look about with languid stare,
Or from latticed windows' height
Drop a rose in moonlit night
On some late and tuneful lover
Who with song and wine brims over.

Then the sails of brown and yellow,
Every one unlike its fellow,
Or of red with tip of green
On the sapphire sea are seen,
Swelling from the straining mast
As they dash the Lido past.

Then the *fête of Redentore*
Celebrates the gracious story,
With its bridge of lighted boats,
Every sort of thing that floats
Gay with lanterns, music, rockets,
Till candles sputter in their sockets.

## Over Sea

Glimpse of garden oleanders,
Where the Grand Canal meanders,
Caught through precious iron grating,
As of heaven to peri waiting,
While above the jealous wall
Palm leaves pliant rise and fall,
And the poplar, stiff and straight,
Stands like sentinel at the gate.

In the spacious council chamber
I on mental ladder clamber,
And with due historic halo,
Restore the face of Faliero;
And when no spectator's by,
In the lion's jaw I shy
Denunciation to the State
Of my landlord whom I hate.
Or in dreams, if funds are low,
I to the Rialto go,
Where good Shylock lends to me
On old clo' security;
While he's sorting out the heap
I at Jessica take a peep;
Or at palace window high,
As I lazily float by,
See the Desdemona blond,
With pathetic glances fond,
Waving 'kerchief to the Moor
As he slams the great front door.

## Over Sea

Though no more thy ship of state,
With doges on her decks who wait,
Rules the sea with wedding-ring
And maidens orange garlands bring;
Though the Lion of Saint Mark,
Cracked and weather-stained and dark,
From his column has descended,
His despotic sway long ended,
Teeth well filed and claws close grated,
Roar, like Bottom's, mitigated,
Tucked by keepers in museum,
Can't be seen unless we fee 'em;
Fortune, tiptoe on the world,
Let my sails be ever furled
Near thy shrine; here let my eyes
Gaze in ever new surprise;
While the breaker constant combs
View thy palaces and domes
Which against the sunset sky
Into sudden darkness die.

Fallen mistress of the sea,
Let me cast my lot with thee!
Far from earth, down in the sea,
Venice, thou art the land for me!

## Woodlane.

MY cottage sits on a rising ground
Overlooking a shining bay;
The flocking sails on the billowy Sound
Glisten all the sweet summer day.

My cottage sits in the edge of a wood,
With the moon shining through the trees,
Their branches weaving a somber hood,
And the smell of the sea o'er the lees.

The confident quail comes up to my door,
The catbird pipes on a neighboring rail,
The owls look wiser than ever before,
The kitten plays with the setter's tail.

The rabbit skurries along the road,
Provoking my cob to a race;
I almost step on the speckled toad,
And the squirrel's nut-swollen face.

The cows with breath as sweet as a bud,
Lying under the walnut tree,
Almost too sleepy to chew their cud,
Reluctantly amble for me.

## Over Sea

No din of the city's heartless trade,
  No stare of the barbarous street,
No duns nor disease to make afraid,
  Where cringing and selfishness meet.

In my cushioned window let me lie,
  Let me dream till the daylight fails,
Let the busy struggling world go by,
  Go by with the glittering sails.

Oh! ever to rest in Roslyn's sweet vale,
  Lie motionless under her trees,
Drift out of this life with her last white sail,
  And breathe my last sigh on her breeze!



# The Window Looking on the Woods

## Bob White.

"BOB WHITE! Bob White!
Here I watch on a low mossy rail
Very near to the close thicket shade,
For 'tis there that for our little quail
Such a cunning concealment we've made,—
Sly Bob White!

"Bob White! Bob White!
We have nothing left over for lunch,
Fit to speak of, except a small worm,
And of very dry berries a bunch,
Much too frugal for appetites firm,—
Fine Bob White!

"Bob White! Bob White!
I'm afraid of the terrible cat,
Of the man with the dog and the gun,
Of the tramp with his hair through his hat,
And of everything under the sun,—
Brave Bob White!

"Bob White! Bob White!
Robert White, if I once get you home,
I will peck you and tousle you well,
Just to teach you no longer to roam,
But to stick to your nest in the dell,—
Bad Bob White!

"Bob White! Bob White!
I'm a lonely, uneasy quail-wife,
And I'm jealous a bit too, I fear,
But I love you much more than my life;
And you ought to come home to your dear,—
Sweet Bob White!

"Bob White! Bob White!"
So I listened all day to her call,
But it ceased when the sun went to rest,
And when locusts and katydids small
Made monotonous noises, I guessed
Bob came home.

## Thanksgiving.

UPON the frozen, fruitless ground,
Above a treasure he had found,
A robin sang;
Such rapture swelled his slender throat
The chill air quivered with his note;
The silence rang
With melody so high and long
He seemed to be incarnate song;
He seemed to thirst—
So tame he was as I drew near—
That all the heavens and earth should hear
The grateful burst.
No alderman at turtle feast,
Nor hungry man o'er smoking beast,
Such bliss could know,
No parching traveler on the sand,
Discovering water near at hand,
More joy could show.
No juicy fruit nor dainties ripe
Had so attuned his little pipe
To praise the Lord;
'Twas but a bunch of withered berries
Or unnutritious starveling cherries
That spread his board!

## The Woods

That robin's rapturous merriment
Exposed man's selfish discontent
In its true feature;
That day a sermon rare and good
Was preached in aisle of sombre wood
By feathered creature.
And often when I bow my head
In thankfulness for bounties spread,
And look on high,
I walk once more as in my youth,
And hear again in very truth
That robin's cry.

## A Dream of Leeds.

A HAMLET I visit in frequent dreams,
At the foot of the Catskill slopes,
Where the most capricious of mountain streams
Its way to the Hudson gropes.

A crumbling stone bridge, half hidden from view
By the curtaining elm and birch,
Rears one big arch for the pike to swim through,
And three little ones for the perch!

A red brick inn by the sauntering creek
Obtrudes an illegible sign,
Where tired coach horses the water trough seek
While the passengers stop to dine.

The dusty sheep canter over thebridge,
And the cow bells are tinkling faint,
And the sun sinks slowly behind the ridge
In hues that no mortal can paint.

The clouds roll black and the rain with a hiss
Scares the haymakers in the valleys,
And Hudson's bowlers score never a miss
At the pins on their ghostly alleys.

## The Woods

My young companions their easels spread
In the shimmering summer air;
On a mossy root I pillow my head,
And whistle "*Robert! Robert!*"

Our pockets are light, but so is the heart,
The brow is unwrinkled by grief;
Those landscape painters love only their art,
And I never have had a brief.

The brushes have dropped from the hands of some,
They lie by the river at rest;
Kind Nature receives her interpreters dumb
And folds them deep down in her breast.

But some are N. A.'s and even R. A.'s,
With the great of the earth they mingle,
While I have stepped off from the world's highways,
And cherish a faded old "shingle."

Restorers have mended the bridge anew,
For the inn you may vainly search,
But the big arch stands for the pike to swim through,
With the three little ones for the perch!

# The Window Looking on the Street

## Godiva.

'TIS sweet in Coventry to walk,
And dream that round the square
A palfrey may demurely stalk,
And on his back may bear
Godiva of the shining tresses,
The sheerest of go-diving dresses.

And every day "the shameless noon,"
With just the same twelve strokes,
Sends forth the same melodious tune
Above the ancient oaks,
While shimmering the sunbeams quiver
Upon the dimpled, lazy river.

And at this corner stands the house
Where Peeping Tom did lie
Ensconced in garret like a mouse,
To see the dame ride by,—
Poor fool, to risk both eyes when one
For his mean purpose would have done!

But taxes now the town enrich
As if the rider fair
Had been restricted to a "switch"
Instead of her own hair;

And doubtless she had been less hot
If she had worn a "Psyche knot."

'Tis sad to let such legends die,
But this enchanting tale
Was never fact at Coventry,
Or people would not fail
To stuff the lady's horse when dead,
And show him at some pence a head.



## The Vane.

THREE hundred years of foul and fair,
  Of clear and cloudy sky,
I've veered and rattled in the air
  And kept high company.
I've many rivals in this town,
  On spires both low and tall,
On whom I haughtily look down;
  I feel above them all.
My nearest neighbor is a fish;
  He flounders in the air,
I dare say much against his wish—
  He's foolish perched up there.
At Saint Sebastian's, down the street,
  An arrow points the wind—
An emblem, innocently meet,
  Of a narrow creed and blind.
A dumpy, gilded, common cock
  Reminds the Lenten faster
At Peter's Church, in the next block,
  How he denied his master.
Upon a mortgaged church hard by,
  The wind they fain would raise
Rotates an angel in the sky,
  Whose trumpet sounds no praise.

## The Street

On country barns I see a sheep —
  The sense of this is plain:
In order weather signs to keep
  They need a wether vane.
On city barns I see a horse;
  I hear the Psalmist sing —
(And that's the reason why, of course) —
  "A horse is a vain thing."
On me the pigeon and the stork
  Are wont to find a rest,
And in my quaint old iron work
  Build now and then a nest.
Once in ten years a daring tar,
  Invoking first his saint,
Fast clinging to my slender spar,
  Gives me a coat of paint;
And artists come from far and near
  To copy my design,
And many younger vanes appear
  With features like to mine.
But I grow old and clogged with rust,
  My round becomes a toil;
This creak is painful, and I must
  Soon take a dose of oil.
To me the world looks small and dim,
  A very far-off land;
I wonder how it seems to Him
  Who holds it in his hand!

## A Jail Window.

FROM out the grated window of a jail
Two faces looked with angry, evil glance —
Two aged men's — with tedious durance pale,
And stamped with hatred, vice, and ignorance.

A morning-glory twined about the grate
And lifted up its blossoms white and blue,
And as in sympathy with their hard fate,
Its modest freshness pitifully threw.

Sweet emblem of God's love for mortals frail!
Which finds in hardened natures some faint leaven,
And from the grievous ladder of a jail
Prays them to struggle, like the flower, toward heaven.

## The Girl He Left Behind Him.

A HOST marched through a bannered street,
Proudly, proudly to the war,
But one looked up, his love to greet,
Sadly, sadly from afar.
She pressed her heart so full of fears,
She threw him a rose all wet with tears —
Oh! life is but a span —
And the fifes screamed merrily in the van,
"The girl I left behind me."

The host lay on a trampled plain,
Silently, silently there they lay,
And ever the deadly battle-stain
Redly, redly marked the clay.
One pressed to his heart a pictured face,
And fondly kissed the pictured grace —
Oh! life is but a span —
She fades from the sight of the dying man —
The girl he left behind him.

## Fortune.

"FORTUNE! poising on thy wheel,
Wilt thou turn my way?
Bring me best of human weal;
Grant me high Fame,
That men may say,
When they speak my name,
'He well filled his day.'"—
But blindfold Fortune would not stay.

"Fortune! hold thy running wheel,
Prithee turn to me;
Quickly unto me reveal
Riches so great,
That my decrees,
Like those of Fate,
May bend all knees."—
But Fortune swifter still did flee.

"Fortune! see me growing gray,
Grant me Love at last,
So ere I shall pass away,
My lonely soul
No more shall fast,
But lose its dole,
On some fair bosom cast."—
Then Fortune ceased to glimmer past.

## The Street

Hungry it aspires in her wheel
To likeness of a wife.
Like as mile we grow real:
Her stunning face
Gives me new life:
At saintest pace
Her many smile
It wonder at my blessings vile.



# By the Hall Fire

## Juvenisenex.

TIME writes no wrinkles on my brow —
Perhaps for lack of thought;
The years do not my shoulders bow,
Nor are with weakness fraught.
I do not shed my teeth at night,
My hair stays on my head;
No mystery that dreads the light —
No wig hung near my bed.
My eyes are clear as any prism,—
No twitches of neuralgia,
Nor any pangs of rheumatism,
Nor sickness save nostalgia.
I hate old girls who fight at whist,
I dread their sneers and scandal;
Young ones, afraid not to be kissed,
Are game more worth the candle.
I hate old men, their talk of trade,
Of politics and stocks;
I much prefer a rosy maid
In cart or opera box.
Young men are my extreme delight;
I smile at their ado,
When I am out with them at night,
To "put the old man through."

## The Hall Fire

I never tell a moldy joke,
  Nor hash familiar lore,
But I remember all the folk
  Who've heard these things before.
I never make young folk deride,
  And look at me with scorn,
By "You remember Jones?" who died
  Years before they were born.
I do not "hop" much when I dance;
  My coat is cutaway;
I'm not wrapped up in Scott's romance,
  But yield to Thackeray.
When people Patti's warbling praise,
  Or rave of Wagner's wind,
I do not speak of "better days,"
  Nor mention Jenny Lind.
I surely am no legal owl,
  Who only pipes "to wit;"
But smooth my face from studious scowl,
  And laugh and jest a bit.
I don't look back for law to Coke,
  I neither dose nor bleed,
I hold with those quite modern folk
  Who scorn an outworn creed.
Then why will people call me "Sir,"
  And set the easy chair,
And say, "Let me that cushion stir,"
  Or "Don't you dread the air?"

## The Hall Fire

Why do the girls cry "Dear old love!"
While smiles their faces dimple?
Why do the boys say "Fine old cove!"—
The reason's very simple;
In vain the crow's-foot spares my eye;
In vain the jaunty bearing;
In vain the laugh and spirits high;
In vain the clothes I'm wearing;
In vain on my mustache the gray
Has just begun to mix;
My daughter gives the game away,
For she is twenty-six!



## The Water Nymph.

I HAVE a young domestic daughter,
Who owns a mania for water;
And cleanliness, she has confessed,
With godliness is quite abreast.
Not only does she scour my house,
But married she would scrub her spouse;
Husband the water ne'er would she,
But water husband liberally.
As soon as I come weary home
She goes at me with sponge and comb,
Saying, "You dirty, bad old man,
Come let me clean you, if I can!"
Herself she bathes three times a day,
Forgets to eat — almost to pray —
And when all else is done, she rushes
And scours sapolio and brushes.
Her dog she scrubs, both trunk and limb,
And rubs the bark all off from him.
With watering-pot she drowns each plant
Save water-lily, and that she can't.
But I grow sad lest by and by
She may have cataract on the eye,
Or find her spirits damped with pain
Of dropsy or water on the brain.

## The Hall Fire

A Baptist sure she ought to be,
Nor kneel at a baptistery,
For she with those should best accord
Who offer tanks unto the Lord,
Nor lose their appetite for dinner
Because he damns the sprinkling sinner.
When she pores o'er the Holy Book
She for the Flood does always look,
And laughs with unrestrainèd glee
At Pharaoh swallowed in the sea;
Moses she loves, who from the rock
Drew water with an angry knock,
And heartily hates Abraham,
Who put no drop in Dives' damn;
Credits the miracles divine
Save turning water into wine.
She likes to raise her spotless clothes,
To show her dainty pumps and hose.
An undisguised desire she hath
To marry some young man from Bath,
Or else she'd give her tender heart
To one who drives a sprinkling-cart.
Though I be foul with earthly stains,
My girl in this fond bosom reigns,
And I am sure, whate'er I be,
She zealously will wash-up me,
And when she ceases here to dwell,
Whate'er betide, all will be well.

## The Head of the House.

I'VE read in verses of old Homer,
Of Ithacus, so long a roamer
That all his house forgot his face
Save Argus, dog of shepherd race;
I've learned how Orange in his tent,
On Holland's safe deliverance bent,
From Spain's assassins in the dark,
Was saved by watchful spaniel's bark;
And I have heard old poets tell
Of that three-headed dog of hell
Whom Hercules found it hard to quell;
And I have yielded to the spell
Of Ouida's dog and his young master,
Their painful lot and sore disaster;*
And wept o'er Rab, the peasant's friend,
And his devoted life and end;
And laughed at simple Launce, well beaten
For puddings that his Crab had eaten;
And glowed o'er Byron's heartfelt lines
In which a dog immortal shines;
And gazed on Hogarth's portrait, where
He sets his pug with solemn air;

* "A Dog of Flanders."

Or the Magician of the North,
As with his hound he sallies forth;
Or that renowned Shakesperean scholar *
Depicted with his dog in collar;
Or England's famous magistrate †
As "Pincher" in his portrait sate;
And read how Erskine shocked the nation
With dog in wig at consultation;
And thought of monks who chose the word
And called themselves "Dogs of the Lord;"
And like De Stael, the more I ken
Of dogs, the less I think of men.

My little dog has no such claim
To be set down in rolls of fame;
He is a trifling, homely beast,
Of no use, or the very least.
To shake imaginary rat,
Or bark for hours at china cat;
To lie at head of stairs and start
Like animated woolly dart
Upon a non-existent foe;
Or on hind legs like monkey go
To beg for sugar or for bone;
Never content to be alone;
To sleep for hours in the sun,
Rolled up till head and tail are one;

* George Steevens.
† Eldon.

## The Hall Fire

Usurping all the softest places,
And keeping them with doggish graces;
To sneak between the housemaid's feet
And scour unnoticed on the street;
Wag indefatigable tail,
Cajole with piteous, human wail;
To dance with dainty, dandy air
When nicely parted is his hair,
And look most ancient and dejected
When it has been too long neglected;
To growl with counterfeited rabies;
To be more trouble than two babies; —
These are the qualities and tricks
That in my heart his image fix;
And so in cursory, doggerel rhyme,
I celebrate him in his time,
Nor wait his virtues to rehearse
In cold obituary verse.

## My Clocks.

FIVE clocks adorn my domicile,
And give me occupation,
For moments else inane I fill
With their due regulation.

Four of these clocks, on each Lord's Day,
As regular as preaching,
I wind and set, so that they may
The flight of time be teaching.

My grandfather's old clock is chief,
With foolish moon-faced dial;
Procrastination is a thief
It always brings to trial.

Its height is as the tallest men,
Its pendulum beats slow,
And when its awful bell booms ten,
Young men get up and go.

Another clock is bronze and gilt,
Penelope sits on it,
And in her fingers holds a quilt—
How strange 'tis not a bonnet!—

## The Hall Fire

Memorial of those weary years
  When she the web unraveled,
While Ithacus choked down his fears
  And slow from Ilium traveled.

Ceres upon the third, with spray
  Of grain, in classic gown,
Seems sadly to recall the day
  Proserpine sank down,

With scarcely time to say good-bye,
  Unto the world of Dis;
And keeps account, with many a sigh,
  Of harvest time in this.

Another clock is *rococo*,
  Of Louis Sept or Seize,
With many a dreadful furbelow
  An artist's hair to raise;

Suggestions of a giddy court,
  With fan and *boufflant* bustle,
When silken trains made gallant sport
  And o'er the floor did rustle.

The fifth was brought in foolish trust,
  From Alpland far away,
A baby clock, and so it must
  Be tended every day.

## The Hall Fire

Importunate and trivial thing!
  Thou katydid of clocks!
Defying all my skill to bring
  Right time from out thy box.

With works of wood and face of brass
  On which queer cherubs play,
The tedious hours thou well dost pass,
  And none thy chirp gainsay.



## The Right Season.

FOUL winter is done,
Sweet summer begun!
We lie on the grass,
My love and I,
While the rare clouds pass
In the June sky;
Or watch in the field,
While stroke of steel
Which the mowers wield
Doth nests reveal;
Or follow the trout
In purling brook,
Darting in and out
Of rooted nook;
An iris on wings
Distracts our sight;
The humblebee sings
In zigzag flight;
Or sit in the shade
And scent the hay,
While the teasing maid
Sings frolic lay;
Till cows from the pool
And ox from wain

## The Hall Fire

Come to milking stool
And welcome grain;
And the slender moon
With one great star
Rises all too soon
O'er hilltop far.
Old winter I fear
With the frost in his hair;
Young summer is dear
With her scent-laden air.

Hot summer is past,
Fine winter at last!
By the roaring fire
My love and I
Watch the sparks aspire
To the dun sky;
While the huge trees reel
To woodman's ax,
And the whirring wheel
Spins thread of flax;
Or hark to the ring
Of skaters' feet,
Or coasters who sing
On sledges fleet;
No noise of a hoof
On feathery ground;
The storm on the roof
Makes not a sound;

## The Hall Fire

The robin picks crumb
From sparkling snow,
While the owl blinks dumb
On sapless bough;
The breath of the cows
Exhales like smoke,
And the slow ox bows
To snow-heaped yoke;
The frost on the panes
Rears castles grand,
Till the wide moon reigns
O'er shadowy land.
Dry summer I fear
With the dust in her hair;
White winter is dear
With his frost-laden air.



## Afternoon Tea.

"WHY are the good girls all married?" groans
he,
As he sits by his evening fire,
Awaiting his housekeeper's cup of tea,
While the flames mount higher and higher.

"Why are the good men all married?" sighs she,
As she sits at the table for one,
A-brewing her afternoon cup of tea,
With her head on her hand till 'tis done.

But when in the sweet summer afternoon
These complainants sit under a tree,
Their spirits will quick sing a different tune,
As together they sweeten their tea;

And the last good girl and the last good man
Join hands and touch lips on the good old plan,
And the orb that looks down on that pair in June
Smiles prophecies sure of a honeymoon.

# The Bedroom

## Two Worlds.

ON a weary pilgrimage I fare,
I live in two worlds, it seems;
By day in a world of toil and care,
By night in a world of dreams.

In dreams I stand at my mother's side,
Or sit on her patient knee;
She tells the tales of the Christmastide,
How the Savior died for me.

In dreams I hear the merry chimes
With wondering and delight,
And the sweet-voiced children sing their rhymes,
And the Christmas tree is bright.

In dreams I go to the village school,
A girl looks over my book;
I risk the smart of the master's rule,
And steal in her eyes a look.

In dreams I fish in the shady brook,
Or swim in its current clear;
I snare the trout with unfailing hook,
Of the waves I have no fear.

## The Bedroom

In dreams I make the triumphant leap,
And my kite flies out of sight;
I'm first in the race to the hilltop steep,
And climb to the dizziest height.

In dreams o'er the glittering ice I skim,
And I hold a girl's soft hands;
We bend and sway with unweary limb,
As we glide to far-off lands.

In dreams I plead for a maiden's grace,
And she gives her hand to me,
And gazing each on the other's face
We journey by land and sea.

In dreams I speak to the listening crowd,
And I sway the hearts of men;
Or apart from strife and contest loud
I write with a facile pen.

In dreams my schoolmate comes back to me,
No more by slander estranged,
Again we wander with noisy glee,
As in boyhood's days we ranged.

Then why must I daylight vigils keep,
And lose this heavenly gleam?
Existence seems real when I sleep;
My waking life is a dream.

## A Bed in a Country Inn.

CONCEIVE the pangs that the Procrustean guest,
Or Damiens on his dreadful bed of steel,
Or cramped Ginevra in her oaken chest,
Or Lawrence on his hot gridiron might feel!

Couches like theirs could hardly give less ease
Than those which furnish many a country inn,
Buzzed round by flies and gnats, lively with fleas,
Restless as consciences not seared by sin;

Contrived with lofty ridge adown the middle,
Like fell sea-serpent's vertebræ serrated,
Contracted as the topmost string of fiddle,
Lumpy like life-preservers full inflated.

Dreaming of falling from the Pyramid
Into the crocodile-infested Nile,
Or from some sharp-topped peak the Alps amid,
Into an icy, deadly, dark defile;

Sore toiling up the treacherous steep again,
Like Sisyphus with his moss-shunning stone,
Or bumpkin clinging to greased pole in pain,
The sleepy sufferer may wake and curse and groan.

## The Bedroom

Dire engine of a parsimonious host
To murder sleep! I rise betimes sore-headed,
And aching in my limbs and looking like a ghost,
Depart with hatred in my mind im*bed*ded.



## Night Noises.

SOME poet says the night is "stilly"—
An utterance extremely silly,
For any one who lies awake
Can vouch that nightly noises shake
The nerves far more than those by day,
In spite of all Tom Moore can say;
And there's a great variety,
Not due to inebriety
Nor to imagination's power,
But to the silence of the hour,
Enabling us clearly to hear them,
And having heard, we learn to fear them.
The wind sounds through the tight-stretched wires,
Like moan of ghostly unpaid choirs;
The wedge-defying windows rattle
Like crash of musketry in battle;
A doctor's dog while yet 'tis dark
Deals forth his tedious whine and bark;
A rooster calls his hens to sup —
'Tis but a ruse to get them up;
A nightmare, stabled by a neighbor,
Stamps loud as if at treadmill labor;
The noisome cats upon the wall
Like human babies shrilly squall;

## The Bedroom

The furniture all cracks and snaps,
Like volleys of percussion caps;
My secretary makes report
Like monster cannon in a fort;
The picture frames all start and crack
As if their joints were on the rack.
I hear a burglar on the stairs —
He's coming for my choicest wares;
His spirits will not be elated
When he finds out my spoons are plated;
On his sin-blasted head I'd breathe a
Choice blessing if he'd give me ether.
The water in the bathroom drops,
And I must count it till it stops,
Or plucking courage up, with jaw set,
Creep in and tighten up the faucet.
A mouse is nibbling in the closet
Where I my manuscripts deposit;
But very soon he'll get his fill —
My poetry will make him ill.

The clock strikes one, but I can't guess
Whether it's one, or half hour less,
And so with eyes wide open lie
Till thirty minutes saunter by,
And then the clock strikes one once more,
But then my torment is not o'er,
For possibly this means half past,
So I must watch until at last

## The Bedroom

It sounds one stroke again, and now
I ought to sleep, but still somehow,
To certify it struck one thrice
I wake until it strikes one twice;
It's surely two — I count the chimes,
Sit up in bed, and write these rhymes.



# The Nursery

## Little Man.

HAIL! you recent Little Man!
Matrimony's chiefest prize!
Formed on a mysterious plan
With perfection that defies
Earthly mold!
Time and money you have cost
Not enough to make ado,
But if worldly goods were lost,
Owners wouldn't take for you
Mines of gold!

Shooting stars and meteor stones
From the archèd heavens fall;
You were plumped with solid bones,
But with peremptory squall,
On our sphere.
Here you reign, a despot small,
Like an unrestricted czar,
And upon your sudden call
People rush from near and far,
When they hear.

Priest or judge or president,
Doctor, broker, or dragoon —
We are wrapped in wonderment
Which of these will fit your tune
Later on.

But unlike such characters,
No alloy of sin you bring,
No bad passion in you stirs,
And you've ne'er a foolish thing
Said or done.

Very stern and set your gaze,
Quick relaxing into laughter,
When the house you early raise
From foundation up to rafter
In your glee.
Store of pranks is in that skull,
Grievous pout is on that lip,
And that little frame is full
Of a life from which you sip
Ecstasy.

Dreaming with those sapphire eyes,
Brandishing that dimpled fist,
Rousing with those joyous cries,
Arching lips so often kissed,
Seldom vexed —
Beauty, wit, and talent sit
Round about your baby-throne;
Youth and age will not admit
To their hearts another one —
Till the next!

## My New World.

MY prow is tending toward the west:
Old voices growing faint, dear faces dim,
And all that I have loved the best
Far back upon the waste of memory swim.
My old world disappears:
Few hopes and many fears
Accompany me.

But from the distance fair
A sound of birds, a glimpse of pleasant skies,
A scent of fragrant air,
All soothingly arise
In cooing voice, sweet breath, and merry eyes
Of grandson on my knee.
And ere my sails be furled,
Kind Lord, I pray
Thou let me live a day
In my new world.

## A Human Flower.

AS toward my island home the vessel flies
It bears me toward a tiny speck of white,
That flitting o'er the grass salutes my eyes
And answers to my eager straining sight.

And when I land upon the verdant mound,
He flings himself on me with breathless haste,
And clings around me, uttering loving sound,
And suits his walk to mine more sober-paced.

His hair upon the summer breezes floats,
His eyes reflect the brightness of a star,
His voice is like the robin's mellow notes,
His cheeks the seat of warring roses are.

The dandelions in his chubby fist
Than his free dancing locks are not more yellow,
The violets by the dew of morning kissed
Of his wide eyes might deem themselves the fellow.

Ye summer winds! blow favoring on his way;
Oh, sky! do not upon his voyage lower;
Thou star! propitious turn his night to day;
And nourish, mother Earth! thy human flower.

## A Terror.

A TERROR is wasting our house,
He ranges from cellar to attic,
As fleet as a mischievous mouse,
Defying his elders lymphatic.

Fat hand-prints appear on the wall,
And hieroglyphs on the door;
We hear our pet porcelain fall,
And lamps are dashed down on the floor,

His picture-books dog's-eared and worn,
His pencils all broken and chewed,
His dolls disemboweled and torn,
Or raimentless, shockingly nude.

A hoe from its handle divorced,
A rake all whose teeth have been drawn,
A wheel from its vehicle forced,
With waterpot cumber the lawn.

His animals entered the ark
In pairs, with the wooden-head Noahs,
But when they emerged from the dark
Were minus their seals and their boas.

## The Nursery

He's smashed the big elephant's trunk,
The lion is mainly forlorn,
Rhinoceros looks very drunk
*Because* he's deprived of his horn.

He's fractured the head of his drum,
His musket is lacking the lock,
His trumpet incurably dumb,
His sword snapped in two with a shock.

Keel up and dismasted his boat,
In bath-tub is hopelessly wrecked;
Colliding with soap dish afloat,—
What else could the skipper expect?

This fruitful cause of disaster
Can smile like a calendar saint;
No cherub did ever old master
More winning and innocent paint.

How big is this terror gigantic?
Three feet and one inch is his height.
How old is this character antic?
Three years, if the record is right.

Thou darling piratical "kid"!
In chains thou shalt surely be hung!
The chains of these arms shall forbid
Thy release till these verses are sung.

## Lost — A Boy-Baby.

Lament by a Young Mother.

MY baby's lost! He had long yellow curls,
And spotless dresses just below his knee;
His eyes were blue, complexion like a girl's,
And smile angelic as you e'er did see.

His head encircled by that shining crown
Reminded me of little Baptist John,
As in Murillo's pictures kneeling down,
That other Babe looks him so kindly on!

Instead of him they bring to me a boy
In jacket, trousers almost to the ground!
That hair is closely cropped that was my joy,
And strange man airs already has he found.

With hands deep in his pockets swaggers he,
He imitates his father's manly stride;
My lap he now forsakes; no more by me
He stands and listens, eyes with wonder wide.

Those curls I've hidden in a narrow box,
And once a year I'll take them out and weep
To think my three-year-old has lost his locks,
And there is one less link his love to keep.

But oh! my boy, when you grow ill at ease,
And love or worldly cares leave you no rest,
Bring back your manhood to your mother's knees,
And lay your head upon her faithful breast!



## Spring and Sea.

THY life is bubbling in the spring,
While mine is slipping fast to sea;
One fairy bark floats in thy ring,
Dark sails of care o'ershadow me;
But thou must flow,
And I must go,
Until we join the sea below.

Gay birds are drinking from thy brim,
And graceful flowers bloom and sway;
Bare cliffs shut in my river's rim,
And mists obscure the fateful way;
But thou must flow,
And I must go,
Until we reach the sea below.

A pleasant murmur all the day
Is heard within thy little bound,
While tempests rage upon my way,
And breakers give a warning sound;
But thou must flow,
And I must go,
Until we swell the sea below.

## The Nursery

I would not shut thee in the spring,
For careless lives have little scope,
While watchful toil may pleasure bring,
And to the storm-tossed sweeten hope;
So where I go
Thou too must flow,
Till swallowed in the sea below.



## A Little Life.

IN this mortal life,
Sweetest things are fleeting;
Only care and strife
Last beyond a greeting.

Scent of violets on the air
Cheering pastures bleak and bare;
Many-colored sunset cloud
Lighting mountain dusky-browed;
Melody's entrancing strain
Soothing every sense's pain;
Press of arms and kisses sweet
Mark the moment flying fleet; —
All the loveliest are fleeting,
Hardly last beyond a greeting.

Baby life but two years old,
Broken childish phrases,
Loving arms, whose tender hold
All my soul engages,
Wilt thou any longer last
Than those pleasures of the past?

Hence! all care and strife!
Love is never fleeting;
So this little life
Lasts beyond a greeting.



## On His High Horse.

ON elephants the brown men ride,
The black men mount the ostrich swift,
On clumsy camel well astride
The Arab ploughs the sandy drift.

And tribute of an ivory ring
On which to cut his squirrel teeth,
And waving feathers too they bring
To twine round baby's head a wreath.

The Arab sends him store of dates
Assurance of his love to make;—
A pity that such luscious cates
Should raise an infant stomach-ache!

But mounted higher far than these,
The baby, daily growing bolder,
Crows loud and kicks and takes his ease
Upon his patient father's shoulder.

And as the African despoils
The ostrich of his plumage white,
The baby big paternal coils
Of hair roots out—a sorry sight!

## Cradle Song.

HASTE, my baby, haste and grow!
Wilt thou always sleep and crow?
Up and down the pleasant land
We should wander hand in hand;
Leaning on thy stalwart arm
Mother thou wilt shield from harm.
Life's a span,
Baby-man!
Haste thee, little man, and grow!

Baby, do not haste to grow,
For thy mother loves thee so!
Lay thy little head a space
Closely to her yearning face;
Snugly hid within her arms
She shall keep thee from all harms.
Life's a span,
Baby-man!
But there's time enough to grow.

When thy mother's hair is gray,
Turn a moment from thy way,
Let her tears and smiles be shed
On her darling's manly head;

## The Nursery

Once thy mother's chiefest joy,
Let age leave thee still her boy.
Life's a span,
Grown-up man!
Time will bring us old and gray.



## How to Make a Snow Man.

PLUCK two huge icicles off from the eaves,
Big as your body and brittle as eggs,
Stick them down firm in the snow through the leaves,
Forming a pair of most radiant legs.

Roll him a body and head from the snow,
Stick in some pebbles for nose and for eyes,
For arms two icicles make a fine show,
And then he is finished — a giant in size.

Cock an old hat on his glistening poll,
Stick a clay pipe in his open mouth,
Fill with tobacco and light with a coal,
And watch to see him move off to the south.

Perhaps like a city-bred Feathertop
He'll travel in search of a warmer spot,
Limping along with a hobble and hop —
Perhaps he will — and perhaps he will not.

## The Telegram.

WHAT news from the vibrating wires,
Stretching down the dusty street
With hum like invisible choirs,
Comes fluttering down to my feet?

Does it tell of a tumble in stocks,
Or visit of cousinly kin,
Or despatch of some well-filled box,
Or that Baby has swallowed a pin?

No message of direful mishap
Appeals to my eager sight,
But only a trivial scrap
From the tail of my grandson's kite

## The Blue Boy.

"THE Blue Boy" hangs on my wall,
But why is he called blue?
Old-fashioned and rather tall,
A courtly figure, too.

With breeches and silken hose,
Broad hat with plumes in hand,
A bang almost to his nose,
Outdoors he's made to stand.

Perhaps 'tis his blood that's blue;
His bright eyes never wince,
From crown to rosetted shoe
He looks a gentle prince.

A lad of the "good old school,"
Before our manners hollow,
Well set to the stately rule
Of Merton and of Rollo.

"Blue babies" I've sometimes seen,
Whose heart-valves wouldn't close,
But his vigorous, healthy mien
No "blue-pill" treatment shows.

## The Nursery

A family's rarely seen
  Called Blue, though White and Brown,
Even Black and Gray and Green
  Paint every country town.

Is he "Little Boy Blue" well grown?
  He carries not a horn;
Such dandy was never known
  To chase the cows from corn.

A hundred years he has stood;
  I really wish I knew
What reason bad or good
  There is to call him Blue.

## A Complaint of Venus.

OH, yellow-haired lady, who rose from the sea!
Who kissed me and patted my head,
Why don't you come back as you promised to me,
And do for me all that you said?

You said you would go just behind those big rocks,
And put on your shoes and your gown,
And wring the salt water from out your long locks
And braid them up neat on your crown.

And then you would order a fine gilded cart,
All harnessed to pretty tame birds,
And then up in air like the lightning we'd dart,
Looking down on the houses and herds.

And then you would fit me a light pair of wings,
And bring me a small bow and arrows,
So I could fly round with the feathery things,
And shoot at the robins and sparrows.

Come back, pretty lady! to stir I don't dare,
And begin to be tired and pout;
I want to float high in the shining blue air,
And cut all the other boys out.

## My Lady.

A STORK is clanging at our gate;
  Quick! doctor! run and let her in;
What may the house anticipate
  From such a supernatural din?

My Lady has arrived; her speech
  Is inarticulate as yet;
But all good things within our reach
  She somehow manages to get.

Her face is rather red with haste
  To give her subjects this surprise;
She blushes maidenly when placed
  So scantly clad before their eyes.

Her eyes are shut; her little life
  Is rounded with a deal of sleep;
She thus escapes the wordy strife
  Of compliments her courtiers keep.

She has a goodly retinue
  Appropriate to her position,
All bowing down in order due:
  Mamma, nurse, laundress, and physician,

## The Nursery

Small brother, father, doting aunt,
  Florist and poet-laureate;
With such obeisances she can't
  Demand a better furnished state.

She'll never view more lowly carriage
  Nor admiration any dafter,
Except from one intending marriage,
  And possibly for three months after.

My lady is a serious mite;
  So far she has not deigned a smile,
Imported from her heavenly height,
  Her cringing courtiers to beguile.

When thou shalt smile, my lady liege,
  Thou most despotic, royal dame,
Remember, as he lays his siege,
  Thine ancient poet's humble claim.

## Christening Hymn.

LORD! whose dearest name is Love,
As thou didst upon thy Son,
Send thy messenger, the Dove,
Down upon this little one.

Gentle Savior! as on earth
Thou didst call about thy knee
Children of a human birth,
Suffer her to come to thee.

Holy Spirit! to her heart,
White and free from earthly stain,
Faith and strength do thou impart,
That she ever pure remain.

As we consecrate this child
With the water on her brow,
Every passion wrong and wild
From our hearts be banished now.

Subject to this infant power,
With such innocence in view,
For one sweet and solemn hour
Make us pure and childlike too.

## A Night Pigeon.

ALL day have the pigeons strutted and cooed
On the narrow shelf of their cote,
And the fat cock-pigeon his sweetheart wooed
Till evening, with amorous note.

When the sun goes down they squeeze through the hole,
Low bowing their feathery heads,
And there on the top of the wind-swayed pole
They silently rock in their beds.

And when in the night I'm awaked from my dreams,
By murmur like pigeon's refrain,
I drowsily reason 'tis not what it seems,
But gurgling of baby Lorraine.

## The Woodpecker.

"SILLY woodpecker, fresh from the leaves
Of woods that are neighbor to me,
Tell me why you are drilling my eaves
Instead of your hollow beech tree?"

"There's a fat little girl in this house,
Conveyed by my gossip, the stork;
I am told she is sly as a mouse,
And bobs in her bath like a cork.

"I am longing to show her my nest,
With four little clamorous beaks
All noisily piping their best,
In language that every bird speaks."

"Boring holes in my house is no fun,
You waken Lorraine in the night,
So be off, or I'll get out my gun,
And wing you, woodpecker, at sight."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" answered the bird,
"Such threats are a very stale yarn;
And according to what I have heard,
You can't damage the side of a barn."

Then that housekeeper took a long aim,
And bang! came a vicious report;
For a fortnight his shoulder was lame,
But the woodpecker laughed at the sport.

And that woodpecker never is flitting,
But labors the eaves underneath,
While the housekeeper, impotent sitting,
Is grumpily grinding his teeth.



## Lorraine's Temptation.

STRANGE sights and queer sounds greet Lorraine
As she sits on top of her rock,
Where the waves tumble in from the main
And bespatter her stiff Sunday frock.

The sea-urchin squats on the sand—
The tide makes him wabble and lurch—
And urgently waving his hand,
Cries, "Darling, come down from your perch!"

The sea-serpent, lashing his tail—
Aquatic descendant of him
Who o'er Mother Eve did prevail—
Cries, "Blonde one, come into the swim!"

The sea-horse, unloosed from his rack,
Curvetting as high as he's able,
Declares, "If you'll mount on my back,
I'll show you my submarine stable."

The seal, all the way from Alaska,
Exclaims, "Let me take you to nurse;
I'll give you a sack that would task a
Fond millionaire's plethoric purse."

## The Nursery

A mermaid, with hair never cropped,
Seductively warbles and begs,
"Oh, how I would like to adopt
A child that is furnished with legs!"

Lorraine never straightens her knees,
For deep in the billowy dark,
Concealed from our vision, she sees
The grin of a cannibal shark.

To childhood 'tis given to know
Much wisdom that older folk lack;
No woman would e'er look below,
When promised the gift of a sack!





## Three Heads.

BROWN-HEAD and Yellow-head, both fair to see
Cling around Gray-head, and climb on his lap;
Mounted securely on grandpapa's knee,
Ready for play or for stories or nap.

Brown-head insists on a tragical tale
Of lions in deserts, who like man-meat;
And terrors that turn old travelers pale
Don't move him a whit in his chosen seat.

Yellow-head prattles of dolly and gown,
Explains how the carpet she neatly sweeps;
She looks at the "wheels" with a watchful frown,
And combs her old Gray-head until he weeps.

Brown-head is five years and Yellow-head three,
Gray-head they think must be twenty at least,
But in one notion they fully agree,
That only by loving is love increased.

Not very long till they're all of an age;
Wisdom is equal, when all's said or sung;
Man getting foolish and child growing sage,
Young waxing ancient and old turning young.

## Bedtime.

UP the ladder into the sky,
Up the stairs creep baby and I—
One, two, three
Steps take we,
Baby yawning wearily.

On my shoulder a curly head,
Cheeks all burning with deepening red—
Four, five, six,
Now the sticks
Fasten eyelids down like lead.

Oh, how heavy my baby grows!
Oh, how still in her snowy clothes!
Seven, eight, nine,
Not a sign
From fingers that mine enclose.

Now the last of the lowly flight
Comes to thy mother's eager sight—
Ten, eleven, twelve,
Now I shelve
My baby in slumbers light.

Lay her down in feathery nest,
One deep sigh from her little breast—
Other stairs
By my prayers
Raise her to heavenly rest!



# The Library

## How a Bibliomaniac Binds His Books.

I'D like my favorite books to bind
So that their outward dress
To every bibliomaniac's mind
Their contents should express.

Napoleon's life should glare in red,
John Calvin's gloom in blue;
Thus they would typify bloodshed
And sour religion's hue.

The prize-ring record of the past
Must be in blue and black;
While any color that is fast
Would do for Derby track.

The Popes in scarlet well may go;
In jealous green, Othello;
In gray, Old Age of Cicero,
And London Cries in yellow.

My Walton should his gentle art
In salmon best express,
And Penn and Fox the Friendly heart
In quiet drab confess.

## The Library

Statistics of the lumber trade
  Should be embraced in boards,
While muslin for the inspired Maid
  A fitting garb affords.

Intestine wars I'd clothe in vellum,
  While pigskin Bacon grasps,
And flat romances such as "Pelham,"
  Should stand in calf with clasps.

Blind tooled should be blank verse and rhyme
  Of Homer and of Milton;
But Newgate Calendar of Crime
  I'd lavishly dab gilt on.

The edges of a sculptor's life
  May fitly marbled be;
But sprinkle not, for fear of strife,
  A Baptist history.

Crimea's warlike facts and dates
  Of fragrant Russia smell;
The subjugated Barbary States
  In crushed Morocco dwell.

I don't like Owen Meredith —
  Perhaps it is a whim —
He so lacks energy and pith
  Lucile-skin does for him.

But oh! that one I hold so dear
Should be arrayed so cheap
Gives me a qualm; I sadly fear
My Lamb must be half-sheep!

## Solitaire.

I LIKE to play cards with a man of sense,
And allow him to play with me;
And so it has grown a delight intense
To play solitaire on my knee.

I love the quaint form of the sceptered king,
The simplicity of the ace,
The stolid knave like a wooden thing,
And her majesty's smirking face.

Diamonds, aces, and clubs, and spades —
Their garb of respectable black
A moiety brilliant of red invades,
As they mingle in motley pack.

Independent of any one's signal or leave,
Released from the bluffing of poker,
I've no apprehension of ace up a sleeve,
And fear no superfluous joker.

I build up and down; all the cards I hold,
And the game is always fair,
For I am honest, and so is my old
Companion at solitaire.

## The Library

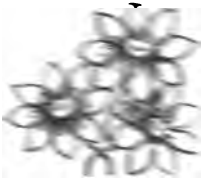
Let kings condescend to the lower grades,
  Let queens shine in diamonds rare,
Let knaves flourish clubs, and peasants wield spades,
  But give me my solitaire.



## How I Go a-Fishing.

'TIS sweet to sit in shady nook,
Or wade in rapid crystal brook,
Impervious in rubber boots,
And wary of the slippery roots,
To snare the swift evasive trout
Or eke the sauntering horn-pout;
Or in the cold Canadian river
To see the glorious salmon quiver,
And them with tempting hook inveigle,
Fit viand for a table regal;
Or after an exciting bout
To snatch the pike with sharpened snout;
Or with some patient ass to row
To troll for bass with motion slow.
Oh! joy supreme when they appear
Splashing above the water clear,
And drawn reluctantly to land
Lie gasping on the yellow sand!
But sweeter far to read the books
That treat of flies and worms and hooks,
From Pickering's monumental page.
(Late rivaled by the rare Dean Sage),
And Major's elder issues neat,
And Burnand's funny "Incompleat."

I love their figures quaint and queer,
Which on the inviting page appear,
From those of good Dame Juliana,
Who lifts a fish and cries hosanna,
To those of Stothard, graceful Quaker,
Of fishy art supremest maker,
Whose fisherman, so dry and neat,
Would never soil a parlor seat.
I love them all, the books on angling,
And far from cares and business jangling,
Ensconced in cosy chimney corner,
Like the traditional Jack Horner,
I read from Walton down to Lang,
And hum that song the Milkmaid sang.
I get not tired nor wet nor cross,
Nor suffer monetary loss —
If fish are shy and will not bite,
And shun the snare laid in their sight —
In order home at night to bring
A fraudulent, deceitful string,
And thus escape the merry jeers
Of heartless piscatory peers;
Nor have to listen to the lying
Of fishermen while fish are frying,
Who boast of draughts miraculous
Which prove too large a draught on us.
I spare the rod, and rods don't break;
Nor fish in sight the hook forsake;



## A Portrait.

A GENTLE face is ever in my room,
With features fine and melancholy eyes,
Though young, a little past life's freshest bloom.
And always with air of sad surmise.

A great white cap almost conceals her hair,
A collar broad falls o'er her shoulders slender;
The fashion of a bygone age an air
Of quaintness to her simple garb doth render.

Those hazel eyes pursue me as I move
And seem to watch my busy, toiling pen;
They hold me with an anxious, yearning love,
As if she dwelt upon the earth again.

My mother's portrait! fifty years ago,
When I was but a heedless, happy boy,
The influence of her being ceased to flow,
And she laid down life's burden and its joy.

And now as I sit pondering o'er my books,
So vainly seeking a receding rest,
I read the wonder in her steadfast look;
"Is this my son who lay upon my breast?"

And when for me there is an end of time,
And this unsatisfying work is done,
If I shall meet thee in thy peaceful clime,
Young mother, wilt thou know thy gray-haired son?

## My Shingle.

MY shingle is battered and old,
No longer deciphered with ease,
So I've taken it in from the cold
And fastened it up on a frieze.

A long generation ago,
With feelings of singular pride,
I regarded its glittering show,
And pointed it out to my bride.

Companions of youth have grown few,
Its loves and aversions are faint;
No spirit to make friends anew,
An old enemy seems like a saint.

My clients have paid the last fee
For passage in Charon's sad boat,
Imposing no duty on me
Save to utter this querulous note,

And still as I toil in life's mills,
In loneliness growing profound,
To attend on the proof of their wills
And swear that their wits were quite sound!

So I work with the scissors and pen,
  And to show of old courage a spark,
I must utter a jest now and then,
  Like the whistling of boy in the dark.

I tack my old friend on the wall,
  So that infantile grandson of mine
May not think, if my life he recall,
  That I died without making a sign.

When at court on the great judgment day
  With penitent suitors I mingle,
May my guilt be washed cleanly away,
  Like that on my faded old shingle!



## The Sentimental Chambermaid.

WHEN you're in Paris, do not fail
To seek the Quai de Conti,
Where in the roguish Parson's tale,
Upon the river front he
Bespoke the pretty chambermaid
Too innocent to be afraid.

At this bookseller's moldy stall,
Crammed full of volumes musty,
I made a bibliophilic call,
And saw, in garments rusty,
The ancient vendor, queer to view,
In breeches, buckles, and a queue.

And while to find that famous book,
"*Les Egaremens du Cœur*,"
I diligently undertook,
I suddenly met her; —
She held a small green satin purse
And spite of time, looked none the worse.

I told her she was known to fame
Through ministerial mentor,
And though I had not heard her name,
That this should not prevent her

From listening to the homage due
To one to sentiment so true.

She blushed; I bowed in courtly fashion;
  In pockets of my trousers
Then sought a crown to vouch my passion,
  Without intent to rouse hers;
But I had left my purse, 'twould seem —
And then I woke — 'twas but a dream!

The heart will wander, never doubt,
  Though waking faith it keep;
That is exceptionally stout
  Which strays but in its sleep;
And hearts must always turn to her
Who loved "*Les Egaremens du Cœur.*"

## My Schoolmate.

[On a medallion by Erastus Dow Palmer.]

THE snows have settled on my head,
But not upon my heart,
And incidents of years long fled,
From out my memory start.
My hand is cunning to contrive
The shapes my brain invents,
And keep in marble forms alive
That which the soul contents.
And I have wife, and children tall,
Grandchildren cluster near,
And sweet the applause of men doth fall
On my undeafened ear;
But still my mind will backward turn
For half a century,
And without reasoning will yearn
For sight or news of thee,
Thou playmate of my boyhood days,
When life was all aglow,
When the sweetest thing was thy girlish praise,
As I drew thee o'er the snow
To the old red school-house by the road,
Where we learned to spell and read,

When thou wert all my fairy load,
  And I was thy prancing steed!
Oh, thou wert simple then, and fair,
  Artless and unconstrained,
With quaintly knotted auburn hair
  From which the wind refrained,
And from thine earnest steady eyes
  Shone out a nature pure,
Formed by kind heaven, a man's best prize,
  To love and to endure!

Oh, art thou still in life and time,
  Or hast thou gone before?
And hath thy lot been like to mine,
  Or pinched and bare and sore?
And didst thou marry, or art thou
  Still of the spinster tribe?
Perchance thou art a widow now,
  Steeled against second bribe?
Do grandsons round thy hearthstone play?
  Or dost thou end thy race?
And could that auburn hair grow gray,
  And wrinkles line thy face?
I cannot make thee old nor plain —
  I would not if I could —
But I recall thee without stain,
  Simply and sweetly good;
And I have carved thy pretty head,
  And hung it on my wall,

And unto all men be it said,
I like it best of all;
For on a far-off snowy road,
Before I had learned to read,
Thou wert all my fairy load,
And I was thy prancing steed!



## Ode to Caliph Omar.

OMAR, who burned (if thou didst burn)
The Alexandrian tomes,
I would erect to thee an urn
Beneath Sophia's domes.

Would that thy exemplary torch
Might bravely blaze again,
And many manufactories scorch
Of book-inditing men!

So many books I can't endure,—
The dull and commonplace,
The dirty, trifling, and obscure,
The realistic race.

The poets who write "dialect,"
Maudlin and coarse by turns,
Most ardently do I expect
Thou'lt wither up with Burns.

All the erotic, yawping class
Condemn with judgment stern—
Walt Whitman's rotten "Leaves of Grass"
And elegant Swinburne.

## The Library

Of commentators make a point,
The carping, blind, and dry;
Rend the "Baconians" joint by joint,
And throw them on to fry.

Especially I'd have thee choke
Law-libraries in sheep,
With fire derived from ancient Coke,
And sink in ashes deep.

Destroy the sheep — don't save my own —
I weary of the cram,
The misplaced diligence I've shown —
But kindly spare my Lamb,

Fear not to sprinkle on the pyre,
The woes of "Esther Waters;"
They'll only make the flames burn higher,
And warn Eve's other daughters.

Beware of Howells and of James,
Of Trollope and his rout;
The first would dampen down your flames,
The others put them out!

The man who writes but hundred pages
Where thousands went before,
Deserves the thanks of weary sages,
And Omar should adore.

## My Friends the Books.

FRIENDS of my youth and of my age
Within my chambers wait
Until I fondly turn the page,
And prove them wise and great.

At me they do not rudely glare
With eye that luster lacks,
But knowing how I hate a stare
Politely turn their backs.

They never split my head with din,
Nor snuffle through their noses,
Nor admiration seek to win
By inartistic poses.

If I should chance to fall asleep
They do not scowl nor snap,
But prudently their counsel keep
Till I have had my nap.

And if I choose to rout them out
Unseasonably at night,
They do not chafe nor curse nor pout,
But rise all clothed and bright.

## The Library

They ne'er intrude with silly say,
  They never scold nor worry;
They ne'er suspect and ne'er betray,
  They're never in a hurry.

Anacreon never gets quite full,
  Nor Horace too flirtatious,
And Swift makes fun of Johnny Bull,
  And Addison is gracious.

Saint-Simon and Grammont rehearse
  Their tales of court with glee;
For all their scandal I'm no worse—
  They never peach on me.

For what I owe Montaigne, no dread
  To meet him on the morrow;
And better still, it must be said
  He never wants to borrow.

Paul never asks, though sure to preach,
  Why I don't come to church;
Though Doctor Johnson strives to teach,
  I do not fear his birch.

My Dickens never is away
  Whene'er I choose to call;
I need not wait for Thackeray
  In chill palatial hall.

## The Library

I help to bring Amelia to,
  Who always is a-fainting;
I love the Oxford Graduate who
  Explains great Turner's painting.

My memory is full of graves
  Of friends in days gone by,
But Time these sweet companions saves —
  These friends who never die!



# The Window Looking on the Churchyard

## Man's Pillow.

A BABY lying on his mother's breast
Draws life from that sweet fount;
He takes his rest
And heaves deep sighs;
With brooding eyes
Of soft content
She shelters him within that fragrant nest,
And scarce refrains from crushing him
With tender violence,
His rosebud mouth, each rosy limb
Excite such joy intense;
Rocked on that gentle billow,
She sings into his ear
A song that angels stoop to hear.
Blest child and mother doubly blest!
Such his first pillow.

A man outwearied with the world's mad race
His mother seeks again;
His furrowed face,
His tired gray head,
His heart of lead
Resigned he yields;

She covers him in some secluded place,
And kindly heals the earthy scar
Of spade with snow and flowers,
While glow of sun and gleam of star,
And murmuring rush of showers,
And wind-obeying willow
Attend his unbroken sleep;
In this repose secure and deep,
Forgotten save by One, he leaves no trace.
Such his last pillow.



## The Fates.

CHILDHOOD holds the thread of life
  Whence the deeds of man are spun;
Shall his days be passed in strife,
  Or in pleasure shall they run?
Born in vice and poverty—
  Lapped in ease and comfort fair—
Speck upon a boundless sea,
  Atom trembling in the air,
Thoughtless childhood holds the thread,
Looking forward without dread;
Shall it be ill spun or well?—
Cain or Abel?—who can tell?

Manhood spins the vital line
  Which it draws from childhood's hand;—
Heir of wit and virtue fine—
  Slave of passion's fell command—
Murderer lurking in the night—
  Warrior with blazoned shield—
Preacher urging mercy's might—
  Wretch against that mercy steeled—
Busy man must spin the thread,
Bright with hope or dark with dread;
Spins he ill or spins he well?—
Saint or sinner?—who can tell?

## The Churchyard

Old Age cuts the fragile thread,
  Slender hold on earth and pleasure;
But this life when men have read,
  Who its good or bad can measure?
Life of earnest usefulness,
  Sympathy and charity?
Life of greed and selfishness,
  Passion, crime, or levity?
Weary Age the thread doth sunder
Leaving men to doubt and wonder —
Spun he ill or spun he well? —
Lost or saved? — but One can tell.



## The Bell.

THE purling river at their feet,
The moon in a cloudless sky,
The wind of June with clover sweet,
The river hurrying by,
The moon declining from her height—
Two lovers slowly walked at night,
Their souls enthralled with love's delight
As they walked that night when they were young;
When suddenly on the breeze was flung
The note of a sweet and distant bell,
Like voice of a warning friend to tell:
"The hour is late,
No longer roam,
But yield to fate,
Ye must go home."
And they looked in each other's eyes,
And repeated with heavy sighs,
"We must go home."

Across long leagues of weary space,
And silent lapses of years—
Some made short by loving grace,
Some lengthened by heavy fears—

## The Churchyard

One walks in thought by the river's side,
He sees the moon in the heavens ride,
He scents the odors of meadows wide,
As on that night when they were young;
And again he hears that sweet bell rung;
It sounds with accents sadly human,
Like voice of loved and dying woman:
"The time is late,
No longer roam,
Resist not fate,
But come thou home."
And then he gazes in the sky,
And answers, but without a sigh,
"I would go home."



## Love's Ghost.

THE rainbow of yesterday,
The scent of a bygone June,
The full moon riding her starless way,
The strains of an old-time tune,
Shall make again the sad heart smile,
Once more the weary sense beguile.

Even love that lies in the mold
Was never cherished in vain,
For after deep longing and pain,
From its ashes a century old
'Twill spring into life again.
"I remember!" the spirit will cry,
"I remember! no longer I die!"

But hopeless the love that is dead
But still is above the ground;
Its unhappy ghost will sighing tread
In vain its reluctant round,
Seeking peace that can never be found.
"Oh, to forget!" the spirit will cry,
"I cannot forget, I cannot die!"

## Hope.

WHEN does God set forth his bow?
Not when skies are fair,
But when the air
Is full of gentle rain, and low
The sun glows in the dappled west;
Or when above the cataract's crest
Ascends the shattered mist,
With radiance kissed.

So Hope shines brightest when the soul
Possessed by fears,
Looks toward the goal
Of Life through clouds of tears.

# The Garret

## The Poet.

THE poet starves in a garret high,
Misfortune's pitiful sport,
Looking up to a narrow patch of sky,
And down on a squalid court.

But genius lends to his fancy wings,
As he sits in his cheerless den,
And whispers many mysterious things
Not granted to richer men.

He hears the song of a straying bird,
He knows the words of its lay,
He hears the lowing of distant herd,
And knows what the beasts would say.

He bows in temple of evening cloud,
Interprets the chant of the sea,
The silence of mountain gloomy-browed,
And murmur of forest tree.

He looks through the vista into heaven
And down through the earth into hell,
He knows the dreams of the Sleepers Seven,
And he knows the Sirens' spell.

## The Garret

The Sphinx in the desert speaks to him
As he waits at her stony mouth,
He sees the source of the river's brim
Far off in the trackless south.

He reads the heart of his fellow man,
He tears the mask from his face,
He withers the mighty with his ban,
And clothes the humble with grace.

Men do not know this privileged king,
And he cares not for their strife,
For rather far would he starve and sing
Than thrive in their grosser life.

Vain to seek for the place of his dust,
The earth answers not of him,
But tardy reverence rears his bust
On wall of cathedral dim.

## The Spinning Wheel.

WHEN I endeavor
To tell my love the pangs I feel,
She starts the lever
That moves her spinning wheel.

What can be worse
Than thus to interrupt the thread
Of my discourse
With dainty slippered tread?

Her dimpled wrist
No wheel of goddess Fortune turns,
But never missed,
My one occasion spurns.

I raise my voice,
But louder sounds that hateful whir;
There is no choice —
She heeds not my demur.

So by and by
She deigns some soft remark to make;
Of my reply
She will no notice take.

And so whenever
I strive to speak for love's sweet sake,
She will endeavor
On wheel my heart to break.

Oh, cruel fate!
Wilt never stay this noisy spinning?
Learn then, too late,
I go to easier winning.

Bestow her wheel
In garret, prey to mouse and spider,
Nor let her feel
Another love beside her!



# On the Tower

## Young and Old.

THE maiden moon,
Fair and slender,
With eager arms
And accents tender,
Yearns and sings as she advances,
Wooes her globe with glowing glances;
"Hither come, thou shining round,
World of all delight,
Of hope and joy,
Let me every night
In pleasure toy;
Stay thou in my embraces bound."

The aged moon,
Shrunk and dreary,
With drooping arms
And accents weary,
Mourns and chides in her retreating,
Brightness from her glances fleeting;
"Ah! begone, thou empty sphere!
World of cheat and pain;
No more return!
Thou shalt ne'er again
My pledges earn;
Thy service cost me far too dear!"

## The Moon as Viewed by Different Persons.

BY THE YOUNG WOMAN.

UNDER the moon my lover walks with me,
And swears his love will never know eclipse,
And then with unrebukèd liberty
He seals that vow upon my trembling lips.
I do not doubt; but should I lose the spark
Of his dear love, my world would grow as dark
As when the moon below the horizon dips.

BY THE PHYSICIAN.

The moon is my good patron; fruitful source
Of aches and pains and cold is moonlight walk,
From which the spoony strollers come home hoarse
And find themselves debarred from all discourse.
Romantic folk who haunt the moonlit bower
Are apt to lie beneath the tall church tower;
Sunstroke is bad, but lunatic is worse.

BY THE PAINTER.

What size shall I depict the plaguey thing?
Like cart wheel, dinner plate, or wafer?
No matter how, 'twill criticism bring;
To leave it out would be the safer,

## The Tower

It looks so different to different eyes;
But I've an order for a Bridge of Sighs,
  And moonlight there is what they pay for.

BY THE BURGLAR.

The purp is pizened, and the guv'nor's blind
  With sleep'; the gal's a signalin' hupstairs;
But 'ere the moon comes, bloomin' biggest kind,
  A hinterferin' with priváte haffairs;
And so tonight there's no more 'ope o' boodle:
Too bad to give a 'onest cove such trouble;
  S'm' other hevenin' I vill bag their vares.

BY THE ASTRONOMER.

"The undevout astronomer is mad,"
  The poet said, and in one sense was right;
But he can't be expected to be glad,
  Now he has brought the moon within plain sight,
To find no sign of life — a lot of empty craters,
Dotting her surface like huge nutmeg graters —
  A very unattractive lamp of night.

BY THE FARMER.

That pesky moon is always wet or dry,
  A turnin' down or up her darned old horn,
A rottin' all the taters and the rye,
  Or burnin' up the garden-sass and corn;
I'd like for once a good fair average moon,
But if this kind keeps up I'd jest as soon
  Or even sooner, that I'd not been born.